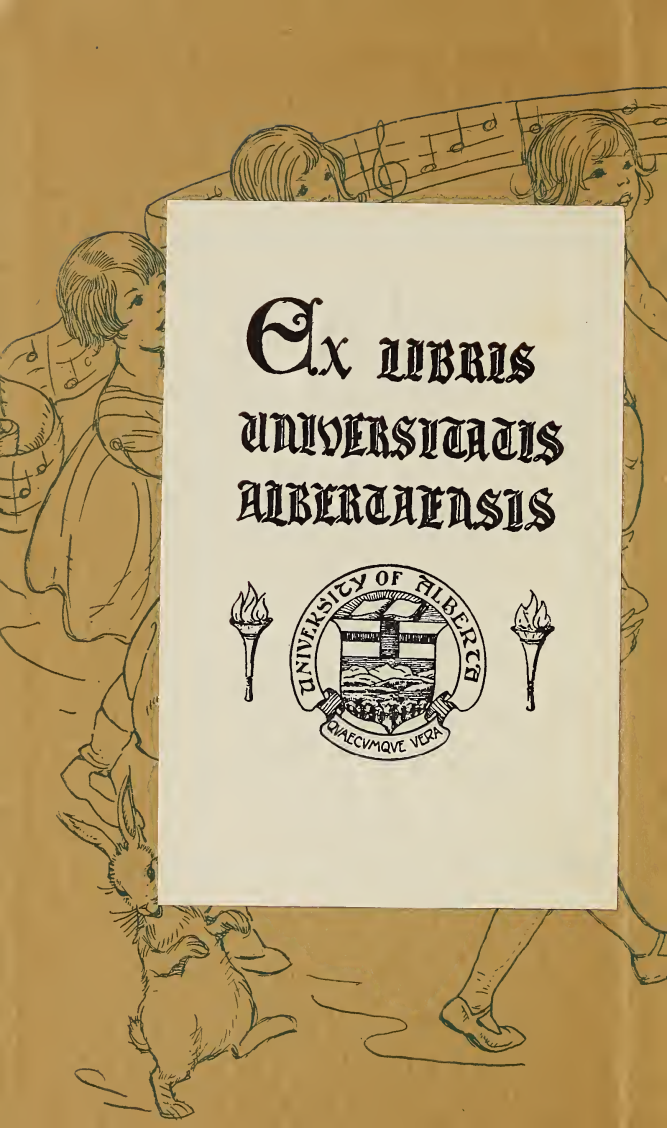
STORYLAND

BOOK ONE

CURRICULUM

HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSCELLA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Kinscella Readers

Storyland

By

HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSCELLA
Illustrations by Ruth Mary Hallock

Stories in Music Appreciation—Book One

Lincoln · Chicago · New York · Dallas
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1930

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FOREWORD

DEAR LITTLE CHILD whose joy it is to read these fine music stories—you are blessed indeed. Your elders never had such stories when they were little folk like you, but only after a long time when they were grown-ups and couldn't understand about the fairies and brownies any more.

Your ears are *so* sharp that they tell you a lot of things *in* the music which by and by you might not think were there at all.

And whoever dreamed there were so many *stories* about music or whoever guessed there was so much *music* in stories.

It is all very wonderful, and Miss Kinscella who has put these together for you, must know very many stories, must love music very much, and must love children very dearly to have thought of you all so beautifully. Her stories are very fine and I hope that you will enjoy them as much as has

Your Music Grandmother,
FRANCES ELLIOTT CLARK

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PREFACE

READING with appreciation and hearing good music with appreciation are fine arts. The use of charming nature songs, folk songs, songs of patriotism, rhymes and rhythms, songs of home life and of child interests, stories of the fundamental musical instruments and the hearing of little classics played upon them, develop in the child a taste for larger and more elaborate forms of music.

This volume contains a choice collection of child literature carefully selected and well-graded. Ample drill in reading, added enjoyment of the stories, and a musical knowledge and atmosphere are given. The teacher, who may sometimes have difficulty in giving the desired background and atmosphere for studies in music appreciation will find the book a real help. The literature is correlated with the music which the child sings and hears, and he thus prepares himself for the finer appreciation of the music used during the music period. The suggested musical compositions should be heard as the book is read, so that the ear may hear the story which the eye sees. Accurate illustrations of the instruments were kindly furnished by the Victor Talking Machine Co., New Jersey and by Lyon and Healy of Chicago.

The author wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness to Peter W. Dykema, Director of Music,

Teachers' College, Columbia University; to George Oscar Bowen, Director of Music, Tulsa, Oklahoma; to Paul J. Weaver, Director of Music, University of North Carolina; to Frank A. Beach, Director of Music, State Teachers' College, Emporia, Kansas; to C. A. Fullerton, Director of Music, State Teachers' College, Cedar Falls, Iowa; to J. W. Searson and George E. Martin, authors of *Studies in Reading;* to Mrs. L. W. Tinley, Council Bluffs, Iowa, author of *First Steps in Reading;* to M. C. Lefler (Superintendent of Schools), H. O. Ferguson (Director of Music), and Merle Beattie (Supervisor of Reading) of the Lincoln (Nebraska) schools; to Margaret M. Streeter, Lecturer in Music Appreciation; to Adrian M. Newens, Director of the University School of Music, Lincoln, Nebraska; and to Mrs. Frances Elliott Clark, whose friendly encouragement and advice have aided in the preparation of this book.

Hazel Gertrude Kinscella

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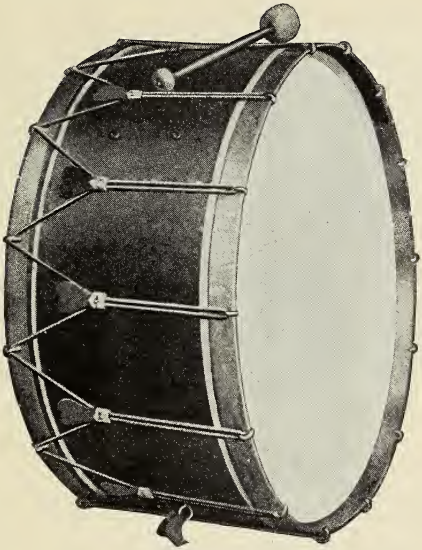


THE BIG BASS DRUM

"With my Boom! Boom! Boom!
And my Tum! Tum! Tum!
I am helping you march,"
Said the Big Bass Drum.

The Drum is played with one drumstick.

Music to Hear:
"The Big Drum"—*Seely.*

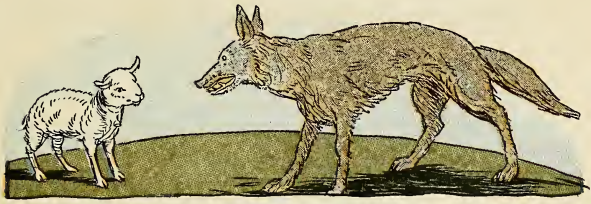
MUSICAL FEET*

If I am walking down the street
And hear a Band,
With drums that beat,
And Flutes, and Fifes,
And Horns that blow,—
My feet just dance,
I love it so!

—*Frances M. Martin.*

Marching Music:
"March of the Toys," from "Babes in Toyland"—*Victor Herbert.*
"Marching On" — *Kinscella.*

*From Little Folks' Magazine.



THE DRUM THAT SAVED LAMBKIN

Part One

Once upon a time
there was a wee, wee lamb.
One day he thought he would go
to see his granny.
"I shall have a fine time!" said he.
"I shall have such good things
to eat when I get there!
I am as happy as I can be."
As he was going along the road
he met a wolf.

Now a wolf likes to eat little lambs. So the wolf said:

"Lambkin! Lambkin!
I'm going to eat you!"

But Lambkin skipped around on his little legs and said:

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me *so!*"

The wolf likes fat lambs, so he let Lambkin go.

By and by Lambkin met a tiger. The tiger also likes to eat little lambs. So he called out,

"Lambkin! Lambkin!
I'm going to eat you!"

But Lambkin jumped about on his little legs, and said,

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me *so!*"
The tiger likes fat lambs.
So he let Lambkin go
on to his Granny's.
At last Lambkin got
to his Granny's house.
"Oh Granny, dear!"
he called to her.
"I told Wolf and Tiger
that I would get fat.
Please put me
into your corn bin."
So his Granny put him
into the corn bin.
He stayed in the corn bin
and ate, and ate, and ate.
He grew so fat
that he could hardly walk.

"How fat you are now, Lambkin!" said his Granny.

"You must go right home."

"Oh, no!" answered Lambkin.

"The tiger will eat me up."

"But you must go home, Lambkin," said his Granny.

"Well then," said Lambkin,

"I will tell you what to do for me.
You must take a goat skin
and make me a little drum.
Then I can sit inside it
and roll home."

So his Granny made him
a little drum of skins.

Music to Sing or to Hear:
"Baa, Baa, Black Sheep"—*Gaynor.*

Part Two

When the drum was ready,
Lambkin got into it and curled up.
Then he began to roll
along the road to his home.
Soon he met the tiger.
The tiger called out,
"Drumkin! Drumkin!
Have you seen Lambkin?"
The lambkin, in his soft little nest, called back,
"Lost in the forest,
And so are you!

On, little Drum!
Tum-*pa!* Tum-*too!*"

The tiger was very angry.

"Now I shall have no fat Lambkin to eat," he said.

"Why didn't I eat him
when I had him!"

But the little lambkin rolled along in his drum.

He laughed to himself and sang,

"Tum-*pa*, tum-*too!*
Tum-*pa*, tum-*too!*"

At last Lambkin met the wolf, who said,

"Drumkin! Drumkin!
Have you seen Lambkin?"

Lambkin, in his soft nest, called back,

"Lost in the forest,
And so are you!
On, little drum!
Tum-*pa!* Tum-*too!*"

Now the wolf was very wise.
He knew Lambkin's voice.
So the wolf called out,
"Lambkin! Lambkin!
Come out of that Drumkin!"
"Come and make me!"
called Lambkin.
Then the wolf ran
after the lambkin.
But, the Drum rolled faster,
and soon rolled away from him.
The last thing the wolf heard
was Lambkin singing,

"Lost in the forest,
And so are you!
On, little Drum!
Tum-*pa!* Tum-*too!*"

—*A Folk Tale of India.*

CLOUDS

White Sheep, White Sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the wind stops,
You all stand still;
When the wind blows,
You walk away slow.
White Sheep, White Sheep,
Where do you go?

—*Old Rhyme.*

Music to Hear or to Sing:
"Run, Run, Run" —*Concone.*
"With Trumpet and Drum" —*Weldon.*

THE FLUTE

The Flute is made of wood.
Sometimes it is made
of silver.
Near one end of it
there is a little hole.
When you play,
you blow
into this little hole.
So the Flute is called
a wind instrument.
There are other holes
in the side.
Your fingers play on these
when you play pretty tunes.
What a sweet, clear sound
the Flute makes!
It is just like a bird.

Music in which a Flute is Heard:
"Whirlwind"— *Tourbillon.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S FLUTE

George Washington's Flute
was made of rosewood. It had many
little silver bands around it.
You can still see this Flute
in Washington's old home.

Washington, and his wife, Martha,
loved pretty music.
She had a fine instrument
which had come all the way
from London. It was something
like a piano.*

While she played this,
Washington played the Flute.
All their friends came in to listen.
How they must have enjoyed it!

Music to Hear:
"Wind Amongst the Trees"—*Briccialdi* (Bree-chee-ahl'-dee).
Listen to the Flute in this music.

* Martha Washington's instrument was a harpsichord.

THE PICCOLO

The Piccolo is a little Flute,
which has a very high sound.
It can be heard for a long way,
but it does not make a loud noise.
It is often played in the Band.
The Piccolo is much smaller
than the Flute.
Look at the picture.
The Piccolo is smaller
than the Fife, too.
It has little silver keys
down the side.

—*H. G. K.*

Music in which a Piccolo is Heard:
"Badinage"—*Victor Herbert.*

THE BAND

See the flag and hear the drum!
Down the street the soldiers come;
And the fife sounds clear and high
As the band goes marching by.

—*H. G. K.*

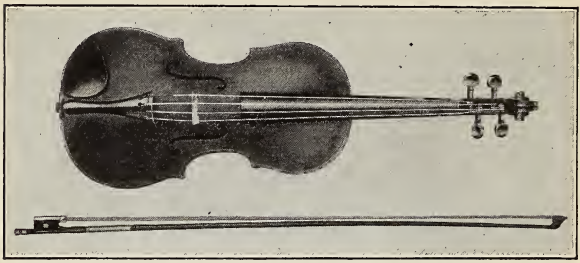
Music in which Marching Soldiers are Heard:
"Dixie"—*Dan Emmett* (as played by Drum and Piccolo).
"March of the Tin Soldiers"—*Tschaikowsky* (Chi-koff'-skee).

THE FIFE

The Fife is another kind of Flute.
It makes a sharp, high sound.
The Fife has little holes
in its side.
The player uses these
when he plays his pretty tunes.
Soldiers often keep step
to music played on a Fife,
when they march.
Fifes and drums
are often played together.
All the boys and girls who hear them,
want to march and keep time
to the music.

—*H. G. K.*

Music in which the Fife is Heard:
"Yankee Doodle"—*National Air.*



THE VIOLIN

My pretty Violin is made of wood. It came from a land far over the sea.

It has four fine strings. I play on them with my long Violin Bow.

The Violin has such a sweet, clear voice.

I always love to hear it sing.

It can sing very high or very low.

—*H. G. K.*

Music in which the Violin is Heard:
"Happy Land"—*Old Hymn.*
"Träumerei"—*Robert Schumann.*

MY LITTLE FIDDLE

See my little fiddle,
With its four, long strings!
Play it with the fiddle bow,
It sings, sings, sings.

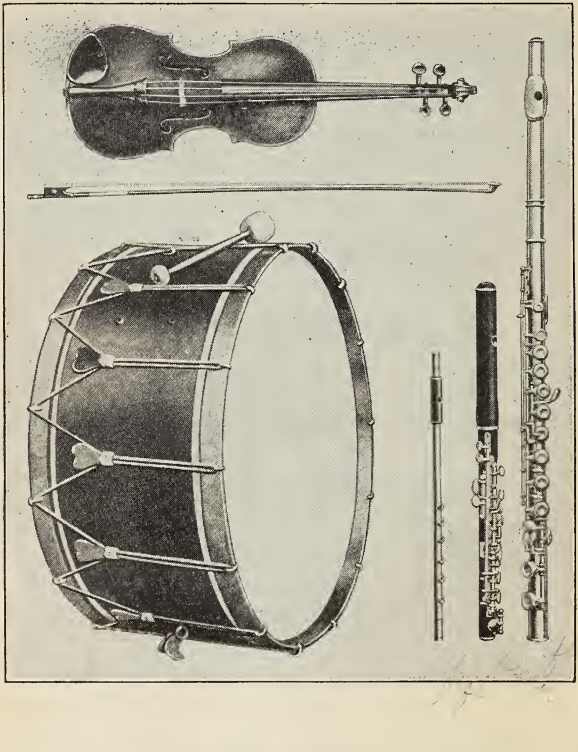
Play a little tune——
Such a jolly sound!
All the children dance
Round, and round, and round.

—*H. G. K.*

"The Fiddle Song" from "Song Primer" by *Alys Bentley*.

Music played by Violin, with accompaniment by Orchestra:
"Sweet and Low"—*Barnby*.
"Gavotte"—*Popper*.

Music played by Violin, with Piano accompaniment:
"Cavatina"—*Raff*.
"Minuet in G"—*Beethoven* (Bay'-tow-ven).



SOME INSTRUMENTS

Children should point to the picture of each instrument as it is named by the teacher. They should listen again to the music suggested on pages 1, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, and 17. The children should be able to point to the pictures of the instruments that play the music.

THE KING AND THE LITTLE BELLS

Once, a great King lived in a land
far across the sea.
This King loved sweet music.
He also loved his garden
of pretty flowers.
"I will have my flowers
make sweet music for me,"
said the King.
So he tied a little silver bell
to each pretty flower
in the garden.
When the wind blew,
all the pretty flowers
nodded their heads, up and down.
Then the little silver bells rang.
"What sweet music my pretty flowers
and my silver bells make!"
said the King.

"I wish the Wind
would always blow!"
—*An Old Chinese Fable.*

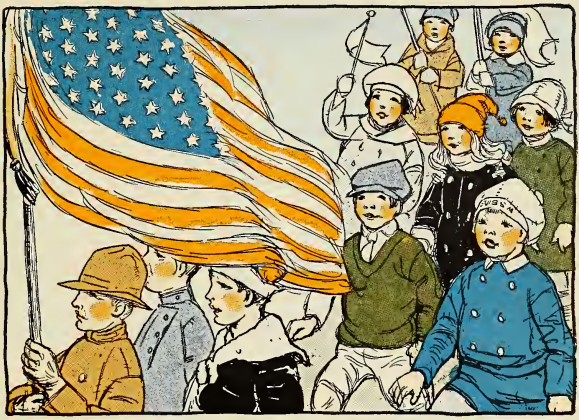
SONG OF THE BELLS

Sing! Sing!
Silver bells ring!
While winds so gently
are blowing

Through the daisies and roses,
And other sweet posies,
That in the King's garden
are growing.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Waltzing Doll"—*Poldini.*
"Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy" from "Nutcracker Suite"—*Tschaikowsky.* This music is played by the *Celesta* (Chee-les'-tah), an instrument which makes music that sounds like the tinkling of sweet sounding bells.



OUR FLAG

Our land is a land
Of the brave and free;
And over that land,
From sea to sea,
Our flag shall wave,
With its colors three.

—*Anonymous.*

Music to Hear:

"Star Spangled Banner"—*Francis Scott Key* and *Samuel Arnold.*

"Soldier Boy" from "Games and Dances" by *Hofer.*

"Our Flag"—*Johnstone.* Close your eyes and see if you can hear the drum. Try to sing the words with the orchestra.

A LULLABY

Rock-a-bye, Baby,
On the tree top!
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall,
Down will come baby,
Bough, cradle, and all.

—*Old Cradle Song.*

GOOD-NIGHT

Good-night to you all,
And sweet be your sleep.
Good-night to you all.
Good-night!

—*Old Round.*

A Cradle Song to Hear:
"Rock-a-bye, Baby" —*Old Cradle Song.*

(Children should hear "Rock-a-bye, Baby," played by a violin, with an accompaniment by orchestra. The children may hum with the music, or sing the words softly.)

A LITTLE SONG

Stars are shining in the skies,
Hush-a-bye! Hush-a-bye!
The time has come to close your eyes,
And sleep, sweetly sleep.

—*H. G. K.*

Lullaby Music to Hear:
"Hush, my Babe" — *Old Cradle Song.*
"Sleep, Baby, Sleep" — *Old Lullaby.*
"Land of Nod" — *Riley-Gaynor.*
"By-lo" — *Traditional.*

CRADLE SONGS

Far away in Japan,
mother always sings
to her little children at bed time.
How they love to hear her!
She sings softly and beats time
on a little drum.
How pretty it must sound!
In China and Italy, too,
mother sings pretty songs
at bed time.

Music to Hear: Cradle Songs of Other Lands.

"Japanese Cradle Song" — *Folk Song.* Hear the drums and little bells in the orchestra accompaniment.

"Chinese Cradle Song" — *Folk Song.*

"Italian Lullaby" — *Folk Song.* Listen to the little bells ringing in both the Chinese and the Italian Cradle Songs.

THE CHILD AND THE MOON

THE CHILD:

Pretty Moon, Pretty Moon,
Where are you going?

THE MOON:

Over the sea.

THE CHILD:

Pretty Moon, Pretty Moon,
Whom are you loving?

THE MOON:

All that love me.

—*Adapted from Lord Houghton.*

A Song to Hear or to Sing:
"Baby Dear" from "Lilts and Lyrics"—*Riley-Gaynor.*

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, Little Star;
How I wonder what you are:
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the shining sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my window peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

—*Jane Taylor.*

Music to Hear and to Sing:
"Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star"—*Elliott.*
"Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" from "Songs for the Little Child" by *Baker-Kohlsaat.* Little bells are to be heard in the beautiful accompaniment to this song.

STARS

The stars are tiny daisies high,—
Opening and shutting in the sky,
And daisies are the stars below,—
Twinkling and sparkling
as they grow.

—*Anonymous.*

IN THE MORNING

Today when I got out of bed,
"Good-morning," to the sun, I said.
"I'm glad to see you up," said he,
And blinked his great red eye at me.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

Songs to Hear:
"A Star Child"—*Johnstone.*
"Morning Song"—*Grieg* (Greeg).

BLOWING BUBBLES

"Come on, boys," said Donald.
"Come and have some fun!
Let us blow bubbles."
"Hurrah for you, Donald!"
said the boys.

They saw Donald's mother give him a dish of soap, water,
and some clay pipes.

Then they all sat down on the steps and began to blow bubbles.

"See mine!" said Donald.

"See how high it goes!"

"And mine!" said John.

Then Donald blew a great big bubble.

They all watched the big bubble until it burst.

In some bubbles they could see the house, the grass, and the sky.

"My bubble has all the colors of the rainbow," said Tom.

Then he ran after one of the bubbles. But it burst in his hands.

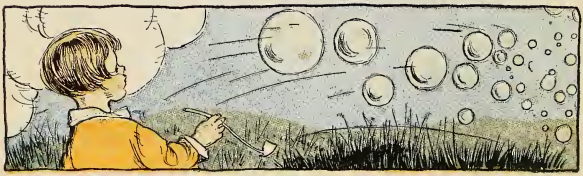
"Here is another pretty one!" shouted one of the boys.

It, too, floated away into the air.

Some of the bubbles went so high that they were soon out of sight.

Donald and the boys
always wondered
where they went.

—*H. G. K.*



FAIRY BUBBLES

See the fairy bubbles,
Dainty, round, and bright;
With their pretty colors
Shining in the light.

Music to Hear or to Sing:
"Blowing Bubbles" — From "Songs of the Child World, No. 1" by *Riley-Gaynor.*

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY

I love little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play.

I'll sit by the fire,
And I'll give her some food;
And Pussy will love me,
Because I am good.

—*Jane Taylor.*

Music to Hear:
"I Love Little Pussy"—"Mother Goose"–*Elliott.*
"Pretty Pussy"—From "Songs for the Little Child," by *Baker-Kohlsaat.*

HOW THE ROBIN GOT HIS RED BREAST

Long ago, in the cold North Land, there was only one fire.

A man and his little son
kept it from going out.

The man took care of the fire at night. The little boy took care of it all day.

One day the man had to go away.

"You will have to watch the fire tonight," he said.

"Do not go to sleep."

"I will stay awake,"
said the little boy.

While he watched the fire,
a great, white bear hid in the snow not far away.

"If the little boy goes to sleep,"
said the big bear,
"I shall put out the fire.
Then all the people will be so cold,
they will go away. I shall have
all the land to myself."
After a while the little boy
began to feel very sleepy.
"I must not go to sleep,"
he said to himself.
"What would Father say if he saw
that the fire was all gone?"

But very soon he fell fast asleep.
The bear ran to the fire,
and put it out with his great,
wet feet.
Then he went away to his home
on the ice.
"Now," said the bear,
"all the people will have to leave
this land. I shall have all the fish
I want to eat."
But all the time a little bird
had been watching.
It was the robin.
He saw one tiny bit of fire
still burning,
after the bear had gone.
So the robin flew down.
He fanned the tiny bit of fire
with his wings.

"Dear Fire, please burn," he said.
After a while,
the fire burned up again.
It burned the feathers
on the breast of the robin
until they were all red.
But the robin did not mind
if only the fire would burn.
"Now I shall carry fire
to every home in this land
of the North," said the robin.
First he woke the little boy
who was still fast asleep.

Then he flew away.
Wherever he stopped flying,
he rested on the ground.
There, a new fire began to burn.
Soon, instead of one tiny fire
in the North Land,
there was a fire in every home.
When the great white bear
saw all the fires,
he was very angry.
But the people of the North
never forgot
how the little gray robin
got his red breast.
And they call him Robin Redbreast
to this day.

—*Eskimo Legend.*

Music to Hear:
"The Bird Chorus" — *Kellogg.*

ROBIN REDBREAST

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat up in a tree.
Up went Pussy Cat,
Down went he.

Down went Pussy Cat,
Away Robin ran;
Said Little Robin Redbreast,
"Catch me if you can."

—*Old Mother Goose Rhyme.*

Music to Hear:
"Robin Redbreast."—From "Songs of the Child World" by *Riley-Gaynor.*

THE MAIDEN AND THE BLUE BIRD

"Pretty little Bluebird,
Won't you tell me true,
Why you wear a brown vest,
With your suit of blue?"

"O little maiden, truly
While flying very low,
I brushed against the brown earth
Long, long ago."

"And once, my little maiden,
While flying very high,
My back and wings went brushing
Against the summer sky."

Music to Hear:
"Blue Bird."—From "Small Songs for Small Singers" by *Neidlinger*.

Saucy little Bluebird,
Singing, off he flew,
With his pretty brown vest
And his suit of blue.

—*Anonymous.*

THE LITTLE BIRD

Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop.
So I cried, "Little Bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"

And was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

—*Old Rhyme.*

Music to Hear:
"Little Birdie" —*Neidlinger.*

HALLOWE'EN

You wouldn't believe
On All Hallow Eve
What lots of fun we can make,
With apples to bob,
And nuts on the hob,
And a ring and a thimble-cake.

—*Anonymous.*

Music for Hallowe'en:
"The Witch" — *Tschaikowsky.*
"Ghosts" — *Kinscella.*
"Jack O'Lantern" — *Riley-Gaynor.*

WEE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS SONG

Once there was a big garden.
Wee Robin Redbreast and
Old Gray Pussy
lived in this garden.

One day, Wee Robin Redbreast hopped upon a bush and began to sing.

Old Gray Pussy came by and said, "Why are you singing, Wee Robin? And where are you going?"

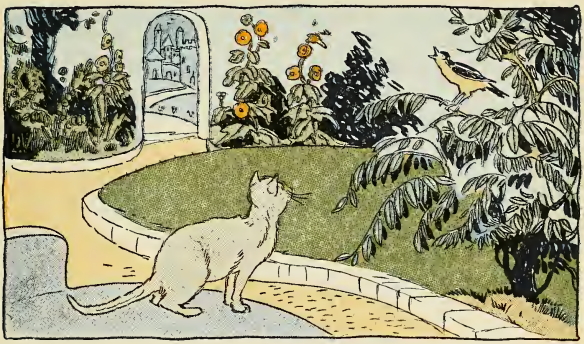
Wee Robin said,

"This is Christmas morning.
I am going to sing for the King."

"Come here, dear Robin Redbreast," said Old Gray Pussy.

"I will show you
the pretty gold ring
I wear round my neck."

But Wee Robin Redbreast said,
"No, no, Gray Pussy!
You caught the little mouse,
but you can not catch me."
So Wee Robin Redbreast flew away.
Soon Wee Robin Redbreast
came to a high wall.
There he saw a great hawk.
The hawk said,
"Where are you going,
Wee Robin?"
"This is Christmas morning,"
said Wee Robin to the hawk.
"I am going to sing
for the King."
"Come here, dear Robin Redbreast,"
said the big gray hawk.
"I will show you
the pretty feathers
in my wings."



But Wee Robin Redbreast answered,
"No, no, Gray Hawk!
You may catch other little birds,
but you can not catch me."
So Wee Robin Redbreast flew away.
Soon Wee Robin Redbreast came
to the King's palace.
There he saw the King
and the Queen.
"Now I shall sing
my Christmas song,"
said Wee Robin.

So Wee Robin Redbreast sang
his pretty Christmas song.
Then the King said,
"Oh, what a pretty
Christmas song!
What can we give
Wee Robin Redbreast
for a present?"
"We can give him little Jenny Wren for a wife," said the Queen.
So Wee Robin Redbreast
and little Jenny Wren
said good-bye to the King
and Queen.
Then they flew home
to the big garden.

—*Old Scotch Folk Tale.*

Music to Hear:
"Song of the American Robin." — *Gorst.*
"Song of Jenny Wren." — *Kellogg.*

The boys and girls may either all sing a song, or all listen to "Song of the American Robin" when they come to the part where Robin sings for the King and Queen.

AN OLD SONG

Sing we all merrily,
Christmas is here.
The day we love best
Of all days in the year.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas comes
But once a year,
But when it comes,
It brings good cheer.

—*Old Rhyme.*

Christmas Music:

"Song of the Chimes"—*Worrell.* Listen for the ringing of the Chimes in this cradle song.

Old Christmas Carol: "Silent Night"—*Franz Gruber* (Light Orchestra).

"Adeste Fideles" (O Come All Ye Faithful)—*Portuguese Folk Air* (Bell Solo and Orchestra).

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Once there were three fir trees
growing on a hill.
The Biggest Fir Tree stood
very tall and straight.
It had fine, wide branches.
The Little Fir Tree was not quite
so large.
But it grew a little every day.
The Tiny Fir Tree was very short
and little.
"If I could only be big and tall
like the Biggest Tree!"
said the Tiny Fir Tree.
It was a very cold winter.
The ground was white with snow.
It would soon be Christmas.

"I wish Santa Claus would come
and get me
for a Christmas Tree,"
said the Biggest Fir Tree.
"I wish he would take me,"
said the Little Fir Tree.
"I wish he would take me,"
said the Tiny Fir Tree.
One day a little bird
came hopping along.
It had hurt its wing and could not fly.
"Oh please, Biggest Fir Tree,
may I rest in your branches?"
said the little bird.
"No," said the Biggest Fir Tree.
"I cannot have any birds
in my branches. I am going to be
a Christmas Tree."

"But I am so cold,"
said the little bird.
But the Biggest Fir Tree
did not say a word.
So the little bird
with the broken wing
hopped to the Little Fir Tree.
"Please, Little Fir Tree,
may I rest in your branches?"
said the little bird.
"No," said the Little Tree.
"I cannot have any birds
in my branches. I am going to be
a Christmas Tree."
Then the poor, cold little bird
hopped to the Tiny Fir Tree.
"May I rest in your branches,
dear Tiny Fir Tree?" it said.

"Yes, little bird,"
said the Tiny Fir Tree.
"Come close to me. I will keep you
as warm as I can."
The little bird hopped
on to the Tiny Fir Tree.
Soon it went to sleep.
A long time after,
the Tiny Fir Tree heard the sound
of sweet bells.
The bells came nearer and nearer.
Soon they came right up the hill.
They passed the Biggest Fir Tree.
They passed the Little Fir Tree.

But when they came
to the Tiny Fir Tree,
they stopped.
All the three trees saw
the tiny bells. They were hung
on a pretty sleigh
drawn by reindeer.
Out jumped the driver!
"I am Santa Claus," said the driver.
"I have come to get a Christmas Tree
for a dear little child."
"Take me!"
called the Biggest Fir Tree.
"Take me!"
called the Little Fir Tree.
But the Tiny Fir Tree
did not say a word.
"Don't you want to go?"

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said Santa Claus
to the Tiny Fir Tree.
"Oh, yes. I would like to go,"
said the Tiny Fir Tree.
"But I must stay here
and take care
of this poor little bird.
He is asleep now."
"I think you are
the most beautiful tree
in the world,"
said Santa Claus.
"I shall take you with me."
Then Santa Claus
took up the Tiny Fir Tree
so gently
that the little bird in its branches
did not even wake up.

He put the tree and the bird
into his sleigh.
Then he climbed in after,
and away they all flew
over the Christmas snow.

—*Old Legend.*

A WISH

I wish it would snow!
Oh, I wish it would snow!
For sliding down hill
Is so jolly, you know!
And then the snow-forts
And snow-battles—oh dear!
I wish 'twould begin
And snow for a year!

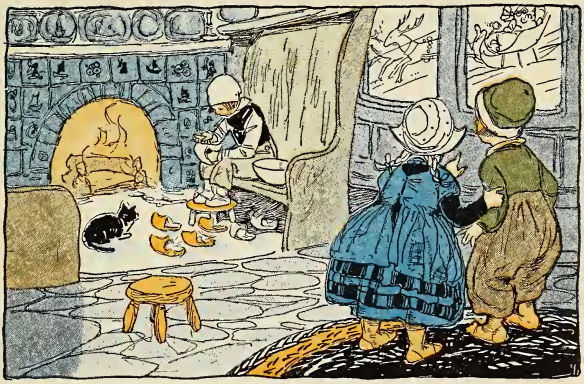
—*Anonymous.*

Music to Hear:

"Naming the Trees"—From "New Song Book" by *Charles A. Fullerton.*

"O, Holy Night"—*French Christmas Carol.*

"Tinkling Bells"—*Behr.*



CHRISTMAS IN HOLLAND

What fun the boys and girls have
in Holland at Christmas time!
They give presents
just as you and I do.
The best present they give
to the reindeer of St. Nicholas.
On Christmas Eve
the children scrub
their wooden shoes
so they are nice and clean.

When they are dry they put beans
and hay in each shoe.
Then they put them
near the chimney.
When St. Nicholas comes
he will find the beans and hay
in the shoes.
He will give this present
to his reindeer.
That will be their midnight lunch.

—*H. G. K.*

CHRISTMAS JOYS

Christmas brings the cold and snow,
But we don't mind it—no, oh no!
For with it comes the Christmas Tree
Hung high with gifts for you and me.

Music to Hear:
"The Secret"—From "Dutch Ditties" by *Anice Terhune.*

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS PRESENT

MOTHER: What shall we give
the birds for Christmas?

FRANK: We won't give them
anything.

MOTHER: Why not?
The birds sing for you
all summer.

FRANK: What kind
of a Christmas present
could I give them?

MOTHER: What would you like
if you were a bird?

FRANK: I should like something
to eat.
I am sure if I were a bird
I would be very hungry.
When the snow is on the ground
there is nothing to eat.

MOTHER: Then we will give
the birds
something that they can eat.
When I was a little girl,
I lived in a land far over the sea,
called Norway.
There, each Christmas,
we gave the birds
something to eat.
That was our present.

FRANK: Oh I think that is
such a nice thing to do.
I am going to give the birds
a Christmas present each year.

MOTHER: That will be fine, Frank!
You can give them something
to eat every day if you like.
Then the birds will be
so very happy.

Music to Hear:
"Little Chickens and Snow Birds"—*Old Folk Song.*
"Legend of the Bells"—*Planquette* (A Bell Solo).

SANTA'S STARS

Little twinkling stars on high,
Like Christmas candles
in the sky;
Are you holding out your light
To guide Santa through
the night?

Are your tiny blinking eyes
Looking at him from
the skies,
To find out what kind of toys
He has brought for girls
and boys?

–H. G. K.

Christmas Music to Hear:
"Praise Him"—*Folk Song.*
"Kris Kringle"—*Sherman-Braine.*

CHRISTMAS

Christmas tree,
Christmas holly,
Christmas presents,—
Oh, how jolly!

—*H. G. K.*

A CHILD'S PRAYER

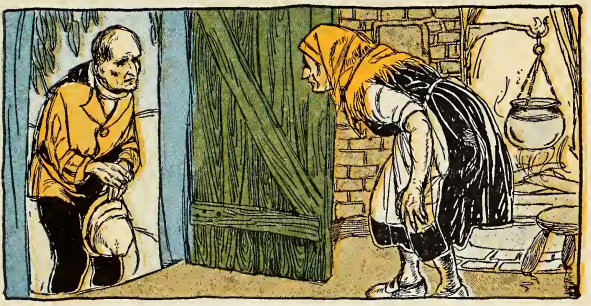
God above,
Hear my prayer;
Bless Thy children,
Everywhere.
Amen.

Music to Hear:
"God Loves Me"—*Old Folk Song.*
"Evening Prayer"—*Old Folk Song.*
"In the Belfry"—From "New Song Book" by *Chas. A. Fullerton.*

THE WOODPECKER

Once an old woman
lived in a little house near a road.
This little old woman was very neat.
She always wore a black dress
and a large, white apron.
On her head she always wore
a red shawl.
One day as the old woman
was baking some cakes,
she saw a man
coming up the road.
The man stopped at the house
and knocked at the door.
When the little old woman
opened the door, he said,
"Good Morning!"

"Good Morning!"
said the little old woman.
"Will you give me
one of your good cakes to eat?"
asked the man.
"I have walked a long way.
I am very hungry.
I cannot give you any money
to pay for the cake," he said.
"But whatever you wish for first,
you shall have."
The little old woman was very greedy.
She had lived alone for many years.
She did not want to give
anything to anybody.
So she looked at the man
for a long time,
when he asked for a cake.



"My cakes are too large
to give away," she thought.
"I will make a smaller one
and give it
to the man."
So she baked a smaller cake.
When the little cake was baked
it looked very good to eat.
"That cake is too large,"
said the greedy old woman
to herself.
"I must make a still smaller one."
So she baked another cake.

This one was so tiny
that the old woman
could hardly find it.

"There," said she to the hungry man. "There is your cake."

The hungry man took the tiny cake and ate it. Then he walked away.

As soon as he had gone
the old woman wished
she had given him a larger cake.

"Oh, I wish I were a bird!" she said. "Then I would fly after him
and give him the largest cake I have."

As she said these words
she grew smaller,
and smaller,
and smaller.

At last, she was so small

that she could go up the chimney.
So she went up the chimney.
When she came out
at the top of the chimney
she had changed into a bird.
She had a black dress,
a white apron,
and a red hood.
To this day she still wears
the black dress and white apron,
and her little red hood.
Now she has to peck
at the bark of trees to find food,
and she is often very hungry.
What is the name of this little bird?

—*Old Norwegian Legend.*

Music to Hear and to Sing:
"The Woodpecker" —*Gaynor.*
"The Woodpecker"— *French Folk Song.*
"Songs and Calls of Our Native Birds"— *Gorst.*

PUSSY WILLOW AND ROBIN*

ROBIN:

Don't you know
that spring is here?
Pussy Willow, Pussy Willow;
In a fur coat you appear,
Pretty Pussy Willow.

PUSSY WILLOW:

I know
that spring has come again,
Robin, Robin Redbreast.
I heard you singing
in the rain,
Happy Robin Redbreast.

—*Unknown.*

Music to Hear and to Sing:
"Pussy Willow"— From "Songs for the Little Child" by *Baker-Kohlsaat.*

*From Kindergarten-Primary Magazine.

SEE SAW

This is the way we play our game,
Play our game,
Play our game,
This is the way we play our game
So early in the morning.

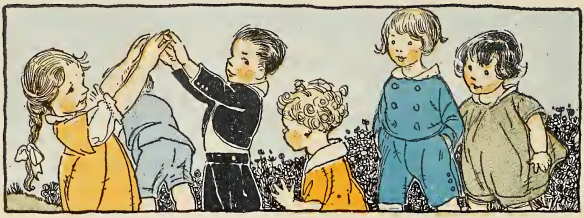
—*Old Nursery Rhyme.*

Make rhymes starting with:

"This is the way we go to school"
"This is the way we read our books"
"This is the way we play the drum"
"This is the way we march along"

Act these out.

Songs about a Game:
"See Saw"—*Riley-Gaynor.*
"See-Saw, Margery Daw"—*Elliott.*



LONDON BRIDGE

London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down,
Falling down;
London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady.

Off to prison you must go,
You must go,
You must go;
Off to prison you must go,
My fair lady.

—*Old English Game.*

Music to Hear, and to Play the Game With:
"London Bridge" — *Traditional English Singing Game.*

BEAN PORRIDGE

Bean Porridge hot!
Bean Porridge cold!
Bean Porridge in the pot
Nine days old!
Some like it hot!
Some like it cold!
Some like it in the pot
Nine days old!

—*Mother Goose.*

Music to Hear:
"Bean Porridge"—*Crowninshield.*

THE HAND-ORGAN MAN

"Oh, look! Here comes
the Hand-Organ Man!"
said John.
"See the little monkey!"

"What pretty music!" said Mary.
"Let us dance and skip to the music!"
So they danced and skipped
until the Hand-Organ Man
and the monkey went away.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Dancing Song" —*A Rhenish Folk Song.*
"Dancing in May" —*Wilhelm.*

THE WEATHER

When the weather is wet,
We must not fret.

When the weather is dry,
We must not cry.

When the weather is warm,
We must not storm.

When the weather is cold,
We must not scold.

But be thankful all together,
Whatever the weather.

—*Old Folk Rhyme.*

Weather Music:
"Rain Song"—*Smith.*

OO-OO-OO-EW!

I love to hear the wind blow—
It goes Oo-oo-oo-ew!
Oo-oo-oo-ew!
It flies our kites, blows our hats—
And then Oo-oo-oo-ew!
Oo-oo-oo-ew!

—*H. G. K.*

A Weather Song:
"The Wild Wind"—From "Songs for the Little Child" by *Baker-Kohlsaat*. Listen to the violin singing, and to the wild wind whistling in this music.

THE TINY RAIN-DROP

TINY RAIN-DROP: Oh, see!
The farmer is out
looking at his corn.

BIG RAIN-DROP:
Poor man!
His corn is nearly dead.

TINY RAIN-DROP:
The sun was too hot.

BIG RAIN-DROP:
Yes. The sun has burned it up.
The farmer's horses and cows
will be hungry
if the corn does not grow.

TINY RAIN-DROP:
Why does the farmer
look up at us
so often?

BIG RAIN-DROP: I think he wishes that the cloud would bring him rain.

TINY RAIN-DROP:

Would that help the farmer?

BIG RAIN-DROP:

Yes. If it would rain,
the corn would have a drink.
Then it would turn green again.

TINY RAIN-DROP:

I will ask the Cloud
to let me go and help the farmer.

(*The tiny Rain-drop asks the Cloud.*)

Please, dear Cloud, let me go
and help the poor farmer.

THE CLOUD: You are too small,
Tiny Rain-drop,
to help the farmer.
You had better stay here with me.

TINY RAIN-DROP:

I know that I am very small.

But, I must try to help.
Good-bye, dear Cloud!
Good-bye, Rain-drops!

(*The Tiny Rain-drop starts for the ground.*)

THE CLOUD:

Good-bye, Tiny Rain-drop.
I am sorry that you are going.

OTHER RAIN-DROPS:

Good-bye, Tiny Rain-drop.

BIG RAIN-DROP (*watching the Tiny Rain-drop*): I wish Tiny Rain-drop had not gone away.

It is so lonely here.

OTHER RAIN-DROPS:

We miss him, too.

BIG RAIN-DROP:

I am going to the earth
to help Tiny Rain-drop.
Good-bye!

(*Starts for the earth.*)

OTHER RAIN-DROPS: Oh, wait for us. We will go, too. Good-bye, dear Cloud!

(*They all start for the earth.*)

THE CLOUD:

Oh, dear! I am left all alone.

THE FARMER: What a fine rain! How happy I am!

Now my corn will grow.

My horses will have food to eat.
My cows will have food to eat.
My hens will have food to eat.

TINY RAIN-DROP:

How glad I am I helped!

BIG RAIN-DROP:

I am very glad, too.

OTHER RAIN-DROPS:

We all had such fine fun.

THE CLOUD:

How happy the farmer is!

—*An Old Tale.*

RAIN*

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Music to Sing or to Hear:
"Pit-a-Pat"—From "Songs of the Child World, No. 1" by *Riley-Gaynor.*

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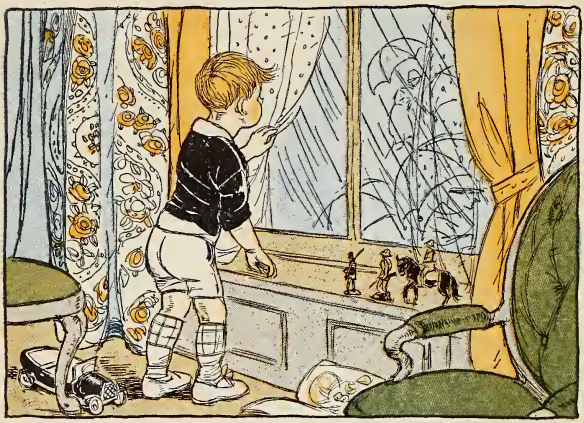

RAIN

Upon the pane,
    The silver rain
Is making music gay;
And in a heap
    The cat will sleep
Beneath the stove all day.

—*Anonymous.*

Music to Hear:

"Rain Drops"—From "Songs for the Little Child" by *Baker-Kohlsaat.*

"Song of Autumn" (Chant d'Automne)—*Tschaïkowsky.*

A DEW DROP*

Little drop of dew,
Like a gem you are;
I believe that you
Must have been a star.

When the day is bright,
On the grass you lie;
Tell me, then, at night
Are you in the sky?

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

AN OLD RHYME

Rain, Rain, go away!
Come again another day,
All the children want to play.

Music to Hear:
"A Dew Drop"—*Sherman Gilchrist.*

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THE BEE AND THE GOATS

Once upon a time
there was a boy named Johnny.
Johnny had three goats.
One day Johnny's three goats
ran away.
They ran, and ran, and ran.
At last they came
to a fine turnip field.
"There is a fine turnip field,"
said the first goat.

"I wish I had a turnip to eat,"
said the second goat.

"Let us go in and eat some turnips,"
said the third goat.

So they went into the field
and began to eat.

Soon Johnny came up.
He tried and tried
to drive the goats
out of the turnip field.

But the faster Johnny ran after them,
the faster they ran around the field.

Poor Johnny!
When he saw that the three goats
would not go home, he sat down
and cried.

Just then a wise fox came by.

"Why are you crying, Johnny?"
asked the wise fox.

"I am crying," said Johnny,
"because my three goats
are in the turnip field.
I can not make them go home."
"Boys don't cry," said the wise fox.
"Did you try to call them?"
"Oh, yes," said Johnny.
"I called them,
and I tried to drive them.
But they only ran away,
faster and faster."
"I will drive them out for you,"
said the wise fox.
So the fox jumped over the fence.
He ran round and round
the turnip field
after the three goats.
But the three goats
would not go home.

They only ran away
faster and faster.
Then the fox said,
"I can run no more."
And he sat down by Johnny
and began to cry.
Just then Bunny Rabbit
came down the road,
hop-pit-ty, hop-pit-ty, hop.
"Don't cry, Johnny.
Don't cry, Mr. Fox,"
said Bunny Rabbit.
"I will chase the goats home."
So Bunny Rabbit
hopped under the fence
and into the turnip field.
He ran round and round
the turnip field
after the three goats.

But the three goats
would not go home.
They only ran away
faster and faster.
Then Bunny Rabbit said,
"I can run no more."
And he sat down by Johnny
and the wise fox,
and began to cry.
Just then a little yellow bee
came buzzing, buzzing, along.
"Don't cry,"
said the little yellow bee.
"I will chase the goats home."

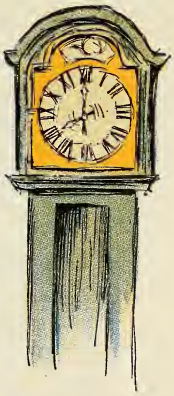
"You cannot chase the goats,"
said Bunny Rabbit.
"You are too little."
"Much too little," said Johnny.
"Very much too little,"
said the wise fox.
"Just watch me," said the bee.
So the bee flew over the fence
into the turnip field.
"Buzz-zz-ZZ-*ZZ!*"
it went into the ear.
of the biggest goat.
The goat shook its head many times.
Then the little yellow bee
went into its other ear.
"Buzz-zz-ZZ-*ZZ!*"
The goat thought there was
a great giant in the turnip field.
So it ran for home
as fast as it could.

Then "Buzz-zz-ZZ"
went the little yellow bee
into the ear of the second goat.
The second goat did not stay long.
It, too, ran for home as fast as it could.
"BuzZ!" said the little yellow bee
to the third goat,
but it was already running
for home.
How Johnny and the wise fox
and Bunny Rabbit did laugh
to see the three goats run!
"Thank you, little Bee," said Johnny.
"I never knew you were so strong."

—An Old Tale of Norway Developed by Grimm.

Music to Hear:
"The Bee"—*François Schubert.*

TICK! TOCK!



Tick, tock, tick, tock,
Clocks are saying,
Tick, tock, tick, tock,
All strike eight;
Breakfast over,
Run and frolic,
Then comes school,
And don't be late.

Tick, tock, tick, tock,
Clocks are saying,
Tick, tock, tick, tock,
All strike one;
Hurry off again,
Dear children,
Lessons first,
Then jolly fun.

Tick, tock, tick, tock,
Clocks are saying,
Tick, tock, tick, tock,
Half-past three;
Now the pleasant
work-time over,
Playtime's come
For you and me.

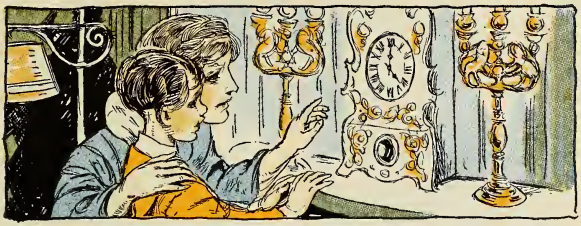
—*An Old Rhyme.*

A CLOCK RHYME

The clock on the shelf
Always talks to itself;
But all it can say
Is "Tick-Tock!"—night and day.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"The Clock" —*Kullak.*



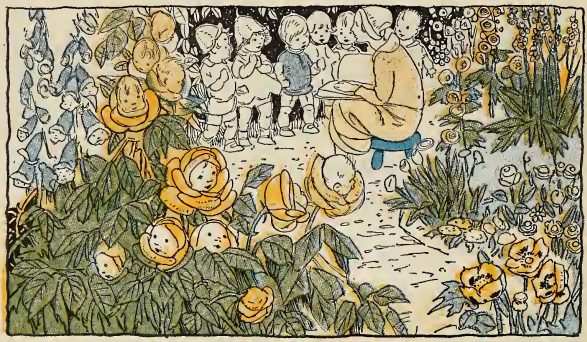
THE LITTLE CLOCK

There's a neat little clock—
In the school-room it stands—
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.

May we, like the clock
Keep a face clean and bright,
With hands ever ready
To do what is right.

—*Anonymous.*

Music to Hear: "Tick-Tock"—*Johnstone.*



A GARDEN

The schoolroom is a garden,
Sweet and fair;
The children are the flowers
That blossom there.

—*Anonymous.*

Music about a Garden:

"Violets," "Sweet-Pea Ladies," "Poppies"—From "Songs of the Child World" by *Riley-Gaynor.*

"Daffodils"—From "Lilts and Lyrics" by *Riley-Gaynor.*

"Poppy Lady," "The Tulips"—From "Lilts and Lyrics" and "Songs of the Child-World" by *Riley-Gaynor.*

RIGGETTY JIG

So fast, so fast my horse can go,
O rig-get-ty, rig-get-ty, jig,
you know,
He's just the branch of a willow tree,
O rig-get-ty, jig, you see.

—*Charles A. Fullerton.*

Music to Sing: "Riggetty Jig"—From "New Song Book" by *Charles A. Fullerton.*

TWO BIRTHDAYS

It was Donald's birthday.
It came upon the same day
as George Washington's
birthday.
It was in February.
Donald was very proud
his birthday came
on the same day
as that of George Washington.
This year he asked his mother
to let him have a party
for the two birthdays.
So Donald's mother
told all his little friends
to come to the party.
The party was at three o'clock.
"Oh, see the big flag!"
cried one little boy.

It was the "Stars and Stripes"
over the front door
of Donald's house.
They all saluted very prettily.
Donald met all the boys and girls
at the door.
He had such a pretty little suit.
It was just like the one
George Washington
used to have.
Donald carried a cocked hat
in his hand.
Then the boys and girls went in.
They saw a little cherry tree
in the middle of the room.
How they loved the cherries
hanging on the tree!
They were candy cherries.
After a while each boy and girl
ate some of the cherries.

How sweet they were!
Then Donald's mother told them
how George Washington
had cut down
his father's nice cherry tree.
Washington told his father
that he wanted to use
his hatchet.
His father was very glad
that Washington told the truth.
They played games for a while.

They all stood around the cherry tree
and sang songs.
There was one song
that they liked best of all.
That song was "America."

—*H. G. K.*

OUR COLORS

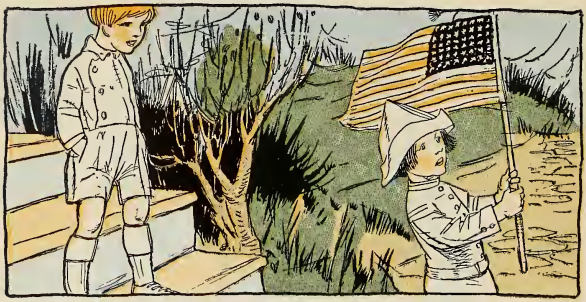
High in the air,
So bright and clear,
The Stars and Stripes
Do now appear;
From flag-pole tall
They wheel and play
As though about
To fly away.

—*H. G. K.*

A Song to Hear and Sing:

"America"—*Samuel F. Smith* and *Henry Carey.*

Try to sing this song from memory. It will be splendid, too, to hear it played by a band, or by chimes.



SOLDIER BOY

LITTLE PLAYMATE:

Soldier Boy, Soldier Boy,
Where are you going?
Bearing so proudly
The Red, White, and Blue?

SOLDIER BOY:

I'm going where country
And duty are calling.
If you'll be a soldier boy,
You may come too.

—*Folk Song.*

Music to Hear:
"Soldier Boy, Soldier Boy"—*Old Folk Song.*
"March of the Little Lead Soldiers"—*Pierné* (Pyair-nay').

THE BIRTHDAY OF OUR FLAG*

George Washington
was our first President.
At that time our country
did not have any flag.
So George Washington
went to call on Betsy Ross.
He asked her to make
a pretty flag.
Mrs. Ross was glad to do this.
She asked, "How shall I make it!"
Then Washington said it was to have six white stripes and seven red stripes. One corner was to be blue
with thirteen white stars on it.
Washington gave Mrs. Ross
a pattern for the stars.
This pattern had six points.

*Flag Day is celebrated on the fourteenth of June.

Mrs. Ross looked at it.

Then she said,

"I would make a star
with five points
like the stars in the sky."

So she cut out a star with five points from a piece of paper.

Washington liked this star.

So the stars on our flag
have five points.

The flag that Mrs. Ross made
was our first flag.

It was made in June.
There is a star
on the flag of our country
for each state.
How many stars are there
on the flag now?
How many states are there?

—*H. G. K.*

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

Our land is a land
Of the brave and the free;
And over that land,
From sea to sea,
Our flag shall wave,
With its colors, three.

—*Anonymous.*

Music to Hear:
"Red, White, and Blue"—*à-Becket.*

THE NEW MOON

Dear Mother, how pretty
The Moon looks tonight!
She was never
    so cunning before.
The two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope
    she'll not grow any more.
If I were up there,
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely,
    you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends—
Oh, what a bright cradle
    'twould be!

—*Eliza Lee Follen.*

A Cradle Song about the Moon:
"Slumber Boat"—*Riley-Gaynor.*

OUR TINY TREE

Down beside the garden wall,
Lives some one,
So sweet and small—
The tiny tree,
So green and gay,
We planted there on Arbor Day.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"The Linden Tree" —*Franz Schubert.*

LITTLE LAMB AND CHANTICLEER*

Chanticleer sat on a rail,
Crowing loud and long;
Little Lamb was going by
And heard the noisy song.

"Baa-aa!" said the Little Lamb,
"How do you do?"
"I'm very well," said Chanticleer,
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

—*H. G. K.*

OLD JINGLE

The cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise,
'Tis time to rise.

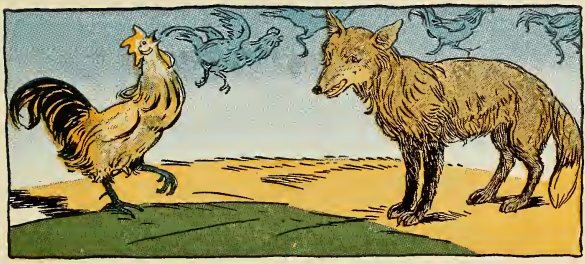
Two Songs to Sing and Hear:
"Mr. Duck and Mr. Turkey," "The Chicken"—From "Small Songs for Small Singers" by *Neidlinger*.

* Chanticleer (Chăn'-ti-klēr) is another name for the cock, or rooster.

THE COCK AND THE FOX

Once, there was a very proud cock.
He thought that no other cock
was so pretty.
He had a very red comb.
His bill was black.
His legs and toes were blue.
His feathers looked like gold.
Best of all, he had a fine voice.
He knew one song,
and he sang this all day long.
This is what he sang:
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Cock-a-doodle-doo!"
The cock always stood in a tree
when he slept.

One morning,
while he was still asleep,
he had a very bad dream.
He began to talk in his sleep.
"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" he said.
"What an awful dream!"
Old Hen woke him up.
"What was your dream?" she asked.
"I thought I saw an animal
in our yard," said the cock.
"It was red
and had a long bushy tail.
Its nose was small.
It had very bright eyes.
How it did look at me!"
said the cock.
"I am still afraid."
"That was the fox," said Old Hen.
"Better be careful!"
All day the cock watched for Mr. Fox.



He did not come that day.

Nor the next.

Nor the next.

So Old Cock forgot to watch.

He flew down into the yard to eat.

But one day as he ate,

he sang very loudly—

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Sly Fox was in the wood

near the yard

and heard the cock singing.

"There is that fine cock," he said.

"How proud he is of his loud voice! I should like to eat him."

So the fox came near to the cock and the hens.

He lay very quiet.

Just then the cock looked around and saw the fox. He started to run. But Sly Fox said:

"Do not go, Beautiful Cock!
I will not hurt you. I have come to hear you sing."

The silly cock forgot his bad dream. He forgot to be afraid.

"I will sing for you," he said.
He stretched his neck
and flapped his wings.
Then, he stood on his toes
and shut his eyes.

As soon as he began to sing,
the fox jumped.
He caught the cock by the neck,
and ran off with him.
Soon they were in the wood.
"How I wish I had not stopped
to sing!" said the cock.
Just then he heard the dogs barking.
"There come the dogs," he thought.
"Now I shall try to get away
from the fox."
"Pretty Fox!" he said.
"I hear the dogs coming.
Why don't you shout at them?"
But the fox did not say a word.
He kept on running.
"Call to the dogs," said the cock.
"Say, 'Do not think you can catch me.

I have the cock with me,
and I am going to eat him.'"
At last the fox stopped running.
He called to the dogs.
As soon as he opened his mouth,
the cock ran away.
Then he flew up into a tree.
"Do not leave me, dear Cock,"
said the fox.
"Come down again."
"No, no!" said the cock.
"You caught me once,
but you shall not catch me
again."
Just then the dogs came up,
and the fox ran away in a hurry.

—*Retold from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."**

A Song to Hear:
"Old Chanticleer"—From "Dutch Ditties" by *Anice Terhune.*

*The Pilgrimage, during which the "Canterbury Tales" were supposed to have been told, was in the spring of 1388.

MOON, SO ROUND AND YELLOW

Moon, so round and yellow,
Looking from on high,
How I love to see you
Shining in the sky.

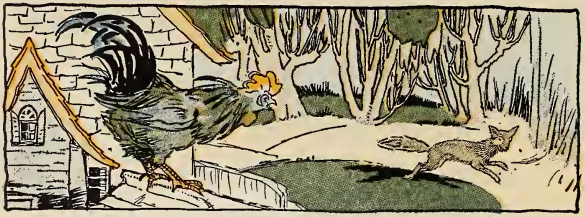
Oft and oft I wonder,
When I see you there,
How they get to light you,
Hanging in the air;

Where you go at morning,
When the night is past,
And the sun comes peeping
O'er the hills at last.

Sometime I will watch you
Slyly overhead,
When you think I'm sleeping
Snugly in my bed.

—*Matthias Barr.*

Music to Hear:
"Evening Chimes"—*Marzian.*
"Berceuse"—*Järnefelt.*



AN OLD FABLE OF THE COCK

COCK (*flapping his wings*):

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

FOX: Good Morning, dear Cock.

COCK (*flapping his wings again*):

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

FOX: Come down, pretty one!

Have you heard the news?

COCK: No. What is it?

FOX: All the birds and the animals are going to live together.

They will not hurt each other
any more.
They will not eat each other up.
Come down, Chanticleer.
Let us talk about the news.

COCK (*who stays on the barn*):

I can not come down right now,
dear Fox.

FOX: Well, what do you think
of the news?

COCK: That is very great news.
I am glad to hear it.
(*Looking far, far away.*)
What is this I see?

FOX: Well, what do you see?

COCK (*still looking far, far away*):
The dogs are coming!
The dogs are coming!

FOX (*starting up in a hurry*):
Good-bye! I am in a great hurry.
COCK: Oh, no, dear Fox
Don't hurry.
The dogs won't hurt you,
will they?
You said that all the animals
and the birds
were going to be friends.
FOX: No, no. I am in a great hurry.
Maybe the dogs have not heard
the news I told you
(*running away*
as fast as he could run).
COCK: Good-bye, Old Fox!
You did not catch me that time.
(*Flapping wings.*)
Cock-a-doodle-doo!

—*Æsop Fable.*

Music to Hear: "Spring Song"—*Mendelssohn.*

Read this Fable. Then act it out, one child taking the part of Chanticleer, and one that of the Fox. The other children may look on. They may all sing "Old Chanticleer" when the little play is ended.

WHISKY FRISKY

Whisky Frisky,
Hippity, hop,
Up he goes
To the tree top!

Whirly, twirly
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.

Furly, curly,
What a tail!
Tall as a feather,
Broad as a sail!

Where's his supper?
In the shell,
Snappy, cracky,
Out it fell.

—*Author Unknown.*

Music to Hear:
"Pop Goes the Weasel"—*Traditional.*
"Running Game"—*Gurlitt.*

RUNAWAY BROOK

"Stop, stop, pretty water!"
Said Mary one day,
To a frolicsome brook
That was running away.

"You run on so fast!
I wish you would stay;
My boat and my flowers
You will carry away.

"But I will run after:
Mother says that I may;
For I would know where
You are running away."

So Mary ran on;
But I have heard say,
That she never could find
Where the brook ran away.

—*Eliza Lee Follen.*

Music to Hear:
"The Brooklet"—*Schubert.*

THE DANDELION

"O Dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?"
"I just wait here in the tall green grass
Till the children come to play."

"O Dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?"
"I wait and wait till the cool dew falls,
And my hair grows long and white."

"And what do you do when your hair
is white,
And the children come to play?"
"They take me up in their dimpled
hands,
And blow my hair away."

—*Author Unknown.*

Music to Hear:
"Girls and Boys Come Out to Play"—*Quilter.*

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he:
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!

—*Mother Goose.*

Music to Hear:
"Elfin Dance"—*Grieg.*

WHERE DO ALL THE DAISIES GO?

Where do all the daisies go?
I know, I know!
Underneath the snow they creep,
Nod their little heads and sleep,
In the springtime out they peep;
That is where they go!

Where do all the birdies go?
I know, I know!
Far away from winter snow,
To the far, warm south they go,
Where they stay till daisies blow;
That is where they go!

Where do all the babies go?
I know, I know!

Music to Hear:
"Lullaby"—*Emmett.*

In the glancing firelight warm,
Safely sheltered from all harm,
Soft they lie on mother's arm;
That is where they go!

—*Author Unknown.*

A LULLABY

Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Stars are up; the moon is peeping;
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping,
Lullaby, oh, lullaby,

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

Music to Hear:
"Berceuse" from "Petite Suite"—*Bizet.*

CRADLE SONG

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The great stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess;
The bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father is watching the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down drops a little dream for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

—*From the German.*

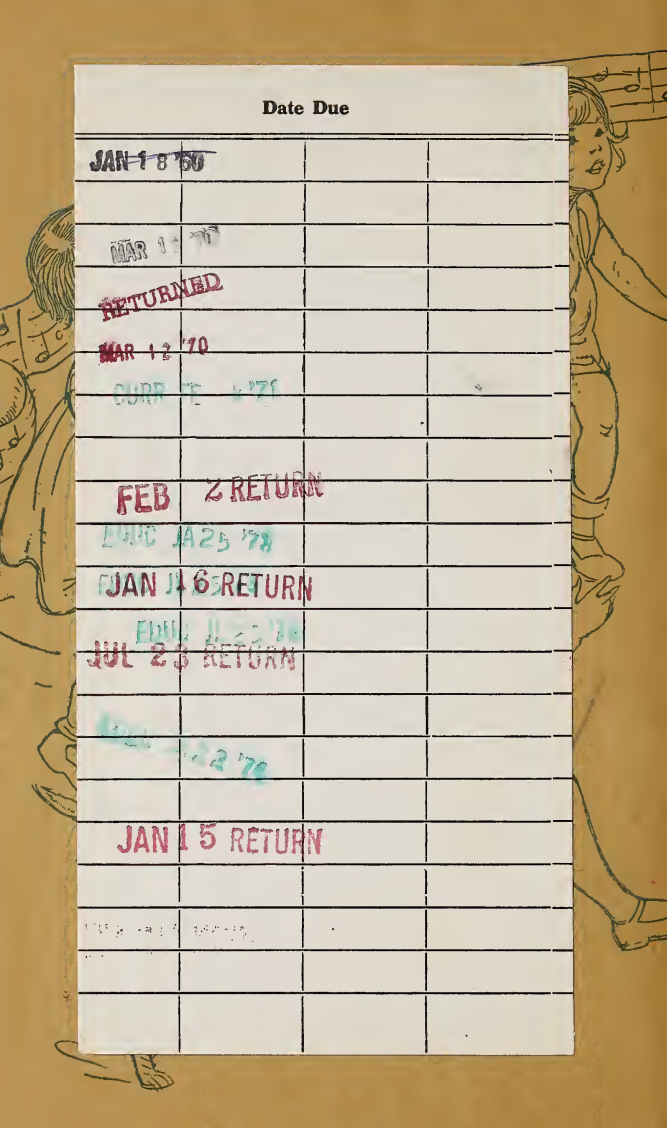
Music to Hear:
"Lullaby"—*Emmett.*

GOOD-NIGHT

Good-night! good-night!
Fast flies the light!
But still God's love
Shines from above,
Making all bright.
Good-night! good-night!

—*Victor Hugo.*

Music to Hear:
"God Loves Me"—*Folk Song.*



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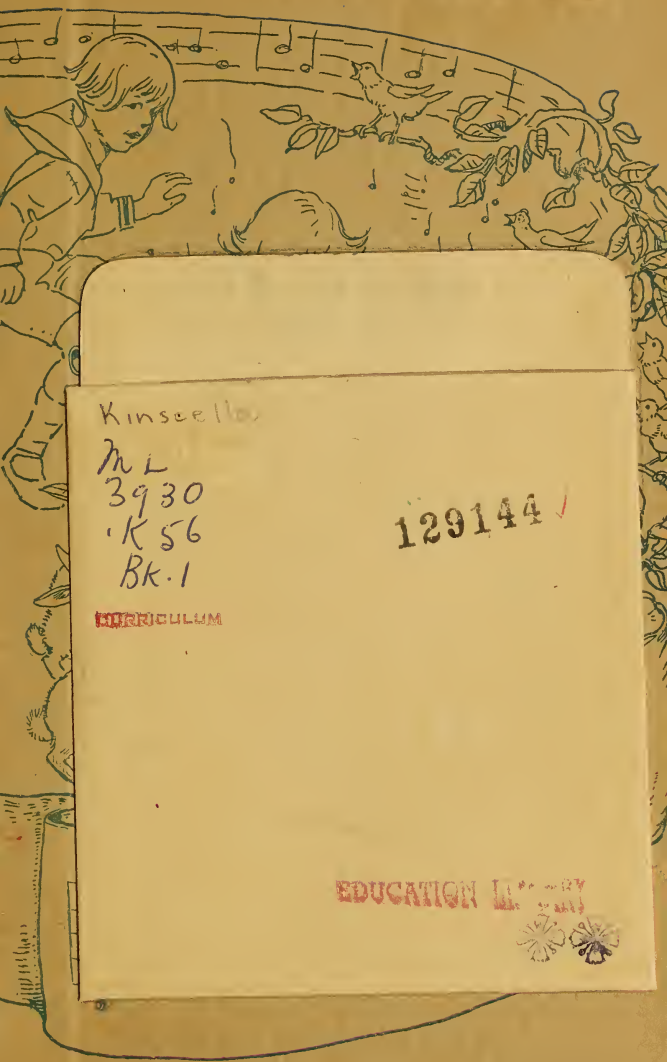

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